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TRIAL AND CONVICTION
OF
ELIZA DAWSON.

AT WINDSOR N. S. DECEMBER 18TH, 1849.

FOR THE MURDER

OF

CHARLES STEWARD AND WIFE.
HER ENTIRE LIFE AND CONFESSION, WHEREIN WILL BE
FOUND THE MOST DARING ROBBERIES AND
COLD BLOODED MURDERS EVER
RECORDED BY THE PEN
OF MAN.



CAREFULLY ARRANGED BY THE PUBLISHER,

J. B. RINNERTY,

PROPRIETOR OF THE MORNING COURIER,

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

1850.

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PREFACE.

THE first edition of this work, which was only intended to supply the people of the immediate vicinity, but was sought for with equal interest by those of the sister provinces, and was, therefore, entirely inadequate to supply the extraordinary demand.

We now publish this edition of 40,000, in order to supply the deficiency of the last, and also to circulate throughout the length and breadth of the mighty Republic, where enterprise always finds a field.

The unequalled success of the first edition, fully compensated the labor of the task we undertook in writing in the lonely cell, but better still to know, that during the short interval since its publication, two innocent fellow beings are set at liberty, no more to wear the convict's chains; and we hope the investigation will go on, until all such as suffered in person, in property, or in character will be vindicated.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,

BY F. S. LAUGHLIN,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.

LIFE AND CONFESSION

OF

ELIZA DAWSON.

WHILE men are busily engaged in the various vocations of life, each performing a part in the great drama, what a mighty field presents itself before the thinking mind, as we contemplate, with rapture and astonishment, the hum of industry, the rush of enterprise, the perfection of science, rapidly progressing in every direction. But amid all these improvements, for which the present age is so justly remarkable, has human nature kept pace with the improvement of the age? Alas! it has not. If we visit the gaol, the penitentiary, or the convict ship, the answer will be the same. If we cast our eyes over the silent pages of ancient history, there will be found a rude, though true type, of the very same impulse that actuates the present inhabitants of the world. It matters little what circle they occupy—whether as kings, as artisans, or beggars—the same principles that actuate the one, is equally applicable to the other, differing only proportionably to the sphere each occupies. It would not be consistent with the task we have undertaken, to enter into any investigation of the causes which produce the calamitous effects which, even at the present time, afflicts the human family; and before we conclude this production, we promise to advert to the cause again; but, for the present, we must pursue the intended course; that is, to lay before the solicitous reader a perusal of the life and actions of one whose enormous crimes, cool-blooded and long-fostered revenge, baffles all manner of description; during which, we beseech the reader's kind patience, until he or she can compare cause with effect, and then draw the conclusion which judgment and good feeling will dictate.

Eliza Dawson whose history will live in the memory of widows and orphans long after her mortal body will have passed from the stage of life, in connection with the melancholy causes that brought her fatal arrow into action—which

the reader will find, by a careful perusal of the following, that we have spared neither time, labor or expense, in order to furnish a full and accurate account; as we hold it a duty we owe to our conscience and society to search after and investigate. And if a reflection over its mournful pages only tend to save one single victim from the merciless grasp of destruction, we shall think our time and labor richly compensated for. We much fear the deplorable circumstance which dragged the subject of these pages on the stage of crime and blood will not be the last victim of the kind. And we hope no youth who may ever read the sorrowful story here cited, but will draw from its contents a living lesson, that crime, whether perpetrated in the recess of the cell, or on the summit of the mountain, is sure to produce condign punishment. And we now proceed to state the circumstance of her apprehension.

On the 15th of September last she was lodged in Windsor jail, charged with the guilt of poisoning the late Charles Steward and his amiable wife, whose deaths it will be remembered by many, caused much excitement and conjecture about the middle of last August; immediately after which the above-mentioned Eliza Dawson, the supposed perpetrator, has since that period been tried and convicted, and now awaits the punishment of the law, to appease the majesty of insulted justice and outraged humanity.

We will now proceed to state the calamitous circumstance, as it appeared in court; and dreadful and lamentable as it is, yet more so when we find it only one of the many similar outrages of the same nature, the thoughts of which is sufficient to paralyze the hand that holds the pen, to make the tongue cleave to the mouth, the blood freeze in the veins; and the heart bleed with pity, for the perversion of the once lovely and gifted ornament, now converted to a loathsome, polluted and soul-stained outcast.

Before proceeding further, we will insert an extract of the paragraph which induced us to write her life, and which the reader will perceive to be the leading cause of the melancholy course afterwards pursued. It is taken from the Warrington Mercury, a periodical of high standing, bearing date March 10th, 1840, as follows:

Mr. Dawson, the father of the unfortunate Eliza Dawson, was an honest and industrious farmer, born and lived in the same mansion which was the home of a long and unallied chain of ancestry; his neat though humble cottage was a smiling little paradise, which knew no other care than industry—situated about eight miles from Liverpool and six from Warrington. At the age of twenty-eight he took a wife from his own circle, whose smiles crowned his happiness; four lovely

children blessed their union, one girl and three boys. The former, as might be expected, was by the fond and indulgent parents idolized, who did not spare expense in order to confer on her a polished and refined education. At the age of twelve she came to board with her aunt, Mrs. Smith, during which time she attended a seminary. In three years she made such rapid progress with the pencil, the brush, as well as music, that she attracted the admiration of some and the envy of others. For personal beauty she had few equals and no superior. Alas! her beauty was the weapon of her destruction. In company with her aunt she appeared at a military ball, where she attracted the attention of Mr. Steward, an officer of the thirty-third regiment of infantry, who paid unceasing attention to her during the evening. Mrs. Smith, poor simple creature, felt proud of the compliments he so lavishly bestowed on her niece, and promptly invited him to visit her residence, little suspecting the concealed dagger; and henceforth he was unceasing in his protestations of sincere attachment, frequently speaking of his commodious house, and limited fortune, which he said was hardly sufficient to support the necessary rank of the regiment to which he belonged, and intimated his intention to sell out and retire, &c.—artifices well suited for the capacity of those for which it was intended. After a little time, Mrs. Smith began to regret the acquaintance she had so thoughtlessly encouraged, which soon caught his eye, as guilt needs no accuser.

Having met Miss Dawson one evening on the Common, he inquired where she was going. She replied, to a friend of hers, who promised to lend her some books. He said he had abundance of all kinds of interesting books, and that she could have just as many as she wished for, if she would accompany him to his residence; to which she readily consented. Reader, I will not disgust you with a detail of the scene that followed. It is too much to know that tears could not appease, that prayers and expostulation were alike unavailing. There she remained, the victim of her own folly and his brutal appetite. Reader, you may pause and contrast the highway murderer, who with firm front spills the blood of his victim; but here is a cowardly wretch, who seduces his confiding victim to his home, and there perpetrates that which is worse than murder.

News having reached the parents, the miserable mother, supported by the mere strength of desperation, rushed to the garison, the gloomy walls of which contained its victim. "Give me back my child!" was all she could utter. She could neither speak, nor hear, nor utter any more, but sank down convulsive and overpowered. As soon as she could recover, she repaired to his quarters, but the sentinel had orders

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to repel her entrance. She told her sad story with eloquence of grief, implored his pity, and asked him had he a home, or wife, or children. She did not plead in vain. The soldier admitted her. She proceeded where she beheld her darling hope of many anxious hours, duped and degraded, but still her child. To all the sad prophecies of maternal anguish, she would still reply, "Oh, no! in the eyes of heaven he is my husband; he is honorable, and will not deceive me; he is a man, and cannot desert me." The wretched mother returned with a heart overpowered with grief. And we will now see how he fulfilled his promises and her expectations.

About three months after he sent a note to her, in which he said she must quit his residence and take lodgings. In vain she remonstrated with him, and reminded him of his promises to marry her. She was turned out at night to seek whatever refuge the God of the shelterless might provide for her. Deserted and disowned, how naturally did she turn to the once happy home, whose inmates she disgraced, and whose protection she forfeited! How naturally did she think the once familiar and once welcome avenues looked frowning as she passed! How naturally did she linger, like a reposeless spectre, around the memorials of her living happiness! Her wretched heart failed her, where a parent's smile cheered her. She could not face the glance of disgrace, of sorrow, and disdain. She returned to seek her seducer's pity even till the morning. The guard had imperative orders to refuse her entrance. By the soldiery she was cast into the street, amid the night's dark horrors, the victim of her own credulity, the outcast of another's crimes, to seal her woes with suicide, or lead a living death, amid the tainted sepulchres of a promiscuous prostitution. Reader, what aggravation does seduction need! Vice is its essence, lust its end, hypocrisy its instrument, and innocence its victim. Need we dilate its miseries? Who depopulates the home of virtue, making the child an orphan and the parent childless? Who wrests its crutch from the tottering helplessness of age? Who wrings its happiness from the heart of youth? Who shocks the vision of the public eye? Who infests your public thoroughfares with disease, disgust and obscenity? Who but the seducer!

Cruel and heartrending as was the circumstances, which our prescribed limits would only permit us to glance at, what ensued was still worse; but even over that part we will let the curtain drop for the present, and merely state—twelve months after, her poor heartbroken father sunk into the grave, and her mother was compelled to resort to the almshouse, where she did not live long; the little orphans were hired out; and the victim and cause of all left the country, or at least that neighborhood.

Gentle reader, the foregoing needs no commentary of ours; its end and contents are obvious to all who have a heart to feel, as the following will illustrate—that grievous crimes are sooner or later visited by similar retribution. Punishment does not always come one way, nor when most expected, but like the storm, first visible in the distant horizon, approaches as it gathers, and of a sudden dashes and sweeps over the surface, dealing destruction to all such as unhappily fall within its reach.

We now proceed to state the melancholy circumstances relative to the death of Charles Steward and his wife, the detection, trial and conviction of the perpetrator of this monstrous and unprecedented deed, which we carefully examined before insertion.

The deceased, Charles Steward, was a native of the county Monaghan, Ireland. He was the only son of a fond and once wealthy father, whose estate was so involved that it afforded but a limited annuity, and he entered the army at an early age, and as might be expected, knew but little else than military life, which to some extent might tend to palliate for youthful folly. And more, he was by birth and education one of that rotten minded class of Irish aristocracy that think, or at least act as though they think, the humbler classes are by nature intended for the free and unqualified use of the rich. About four years ago he sold his commission at Halifax, and retired from military life, which was disagreeable to his wife, and shortly after obtained an appointment as sub-collector of the port of Windsor, where he has resided since. As a public officer, we seldom heard a murmur uttered against him, and if he had any serious fault in that capacity, it was in being too easy and unsuspecting. As a private individual, he was as much esteemed as his loss is bereaved; and his wife bore an amiable character in every circle—both rich and poor alike lament her loss. Mr. Steward resided three miles from the toll bridge, on the south side of the channel, which our readers are no doubt aware has very rapid and very high tides, and at low water the bed of the channel is perfectly dry, with several rivulets or streams, which would impede a foot passenger at that time. On the 20th of June, Mr. Steward and his lady took their departure for a few days, as they wished to be in Halifax on the arrival of a friend, whom they expected from Europe by steamer. After sojourning there a little over a week with the welcome guest, Mrs. Steward became very uneasy in mind, and incessantly besought her husband to return, and stating she dreamed a something very serious had taken place at home. As, like the majority of mothers, she seldom felt happy while absent from home, therefore her anguish and

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troubled dreams were easily looked over by Mr. Steward, who at last started on the 29th, and reached the town about six o'clock in the afternoon. He stopped first at his office and conversed freely with his clerk and several of his friends, relative to matters in general. After inquiring how matters went along during their absence, and being answered satisfactorily, they thought before going home they would call at the residence of Mr. Moffit, as they had a parcel which was intrusted to their care for that gentleman. Having spent the evening there, they went home at a late hour, alas! never to return. About five hours after, a man on horseback came with all possible haste for a physician, and stated that Mr. and Mrs. Steward were suddenly taken ill, and were suffering dreadfully; and on the arrival of the physician, Mrs. Steward was dead and Mr. Steward speechless. The sad news having



been circulated the following day, all seemed panic-struck. Conjectures of every kind were afloat, until the inquest settled

the conflicting opinions. As the oldest daughter and the servant maid testified, that Mr. Steward, before retiring, called for a bottle of wine, of which each took some. The wine, on examination was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic; and on postmortem examination, sufficient quantity of which was discovered. How, or by whom it was put there, was the next inquiry. Suspicion immediately rested on a female who stopped two days at the house in the absence of the deceased, and represented herself a teacher in private families. Said she had come from Halifax by coach, and had been talking with Mrs Steward, who had directed her to call while there. Told at one time she was born in England, and again said she was born in Wales. Talked very free and made herself at home. Was seen going to the cellar and entering the private chambers; and all of a sudden expressed her intention of going to judge Halliburton's where she said she had partly made arrangements to teach, but did not go there; neither did she come by stage, as on examination of the books, no name was there such as she represented; but it was immediately found that she took the boat for St. Johns, N. B. Private arrangements having been entered into by vigilant search was entered on in that direction, which for some time was fruitless. Having obtained sufficient information to be satisfied that she went that way, by private information obtained of Captain Brown, of the steamer Commodore, who on that trip said he had a lady passenger who answered the description, who did not leave her berth during the passage, but did not see her more. Doubts were entertained lest she took the steamer Admiral for Boston. However they directed attention to the eastward, first to Pettaquamscutt, and from there, to Sackville, where they were informed that a person answering the description had stopped at Mr. Wellan's Hotel at Dorchester, on her apparent way to Halifax. They traced her on to Truro, where they found her at sea. On being informed of the circumstance, she seemed for a moment paralyzed, and all of a sudden fell back from her seat as if faintish, and then seemed to suffer in most agonizing convulsions, during which she uttered bitter exclamations, such as the following:— "Then you have followed me, and have found me, and no doubt will hang me. Well, be it so. My mission is fulfilled. My race is run, and I will go with pleasure. I hope you will not handcuff me, you know I am but a female." Her request, being of course assented to, they proceeded, and on her arrival was fully identified. She was then placed in prison to await trial, which took place on Monday, December the 16th, the Grand Jury having found a true bill. She was then placed in the dock, after the necessary prelimi-

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maries as to the form of trial, much time having been wasted in discussion by the council for the defence; Andrew Uniack, of Halifax; and Judge Young, Solicitor General, for the crown. After which his worship, Judge Johnson, asked her, was she ready for trial. She answered in the affirmative. He then proceeded to read the indictment. Then, whether guilty or not guilty. Her answer was, Not Guilty. The jury having answered to their names, the court adjourned until the following day, Tuesday, the 17th. The court opened at 10 o'clock. The learned counsel for the crown having opened the case, then proceeded to call the first witness—

Thomas Wilson, sworn, deposed:—I am Chorler for the county of Queens. On the 30th of June last I was called, and attended as promptly as possible at the residence of the late Mr. Steward. Such your worship will please to accept as a true copy of the decision; which his honor the Judge handed to the clerk of the court, who read the document aloud, and then passed it to the jury.

James Murdock, sworn, deposed:—I am by profession a physician; was in attendance at the residence of the late Mr. Steward on the morning of the 30th of last June. On my arrival, Mrs. Steward was dead and Mr. Steward died immediately after. Was also in attendance at the postmortem examination at 10 o'clock the same day; extracted sufficient arsenic from each to cause death; examined four bottles of wine, each containing a large quantity of the same.

Cross examined by Mr. Uniack:—Q. Are you of the opinion that the one glass of such wine was sufficient to cause death? A. I am. Q. How long do you think might the arsenic have been in the system? A. I think from the appearance of each that it might be three or four hours. Q. Did you examine the collar? A. I did, but could not perceive any likely access from without. Q. Did you not perceive an aperture through a broken sash? A. I did, but not large enough to admit an adult person.

Charles Boil, deposed:—I keep a livery stable at Halifax. I know the prisoner. I believe she is the same individual I brought from Halifax to Windsor on the 22d of last June, for which I received of her £3.

Counsel for the Crown:—Q. Mr. Boil, what did you say to her when she applied to you at your office? A. I told her the daily wage would bring her ten shillings. She said she wished to go by private conveyance.

Cross examined:—Q. Mr. Boil, did you remark anything strange in the lady's conduct during the time? A. I did not, further than that she did not wish to talk. Q. Did she not say she was unwell? A. She did. Q. Where did you leave

her? A. At Jordan's Hotel. Q. Did she pay you? A. She did. Q. Then you of course are not positive that the prisoner is the same? A. I think she is the same, but I won't swear it. Dress makes much alteration.

Mrs. Jordan, deposed;—I presume the Court is aware we keep a hotel. I believe the prisoner is the same individual that boarded a few days last June at my residence.

Counsel:—Q. Mrs. Jordan, how long do you think she staid? A. I don't keep a book, but I think four or five days. Q. Did she stop in during that time? A. No, she was absent much of the time, and to my astonishment, one or two nights; and while at the house, kept her room all the time. Q. Did she not go to the table? A. No, not to the public table; she had a private table furnished in her room.

Cross examined:—Q. Mrs. Jordan, is it usual for ladies who stop at your house to go to the public table? A. Not always. Q. How long, do you think, did she remain at your house? A. Four or five days. Q. She generally kept her room, then? A. Yes, sir. Q. Then you did not see her of course? A. No, sir. Q. Then how do you know she is the person? A. I am pretty sharp. Q. How often did you see her? A. Three or four times. Q. Now, might you not be mistaken? A. I might, but its not likely. Q. Then you do not swear positive she is the person? A. I do not; but I am satisfied she is the same.

Mrs. Mary Conway, deposed:—I am chambermaid for Mrs. Jordan. I know the prisoner. She staid some time at Mr. Jordan's Hotel.

Counsel:—Q. How long since? A. Last summer. It was I that done the work of her room. Q. You are positive that the prisoner is that person? A. I am, for I talked with her a good long time. Q. Did she keep her room generally? A. She did not, for she was absent two whole days, and I thought she went away; and I forced the lock of the door, and found her clothes, and also on her dressing table a paper containing something white like saleratus, which I placed in her drawer, but did not see it after she left for good.

Cross examined:—Q. Are you positive that paper was brought there by her? A. I am not. Q. Then might it not be there before she came? A. Not likely, as we generally remove anything that might be lost by a person that occupied a room.

Alfred Doğan, deposed:—I have been employed as stable-groom by Mr. Steward. I swear positively the prisoner is the woman who staid two days at our house last June.

Counsel:—Q. Where did you first see her? A. At the gato; she asked me was this the residence of Mr. Steward. I

business to the cellar after she left the house? *A.* I thought she was taking medicine, and did not wish to be observed.

Cross examined:—Q. Miss Hogan, did you not state that you brought the lady to the cellar frequently? *A.* Only twice.

Counsel:—Q. And she partook freely each time, and so did you? *A.* I did the first time, but not the second. *Q.* Has it not been usual for you to take a glass frequently? *A.* Very seldom. *Q.* Were there not several of the bottles emptied previous to the last time you went to the cellar? *A.* There were. *Q.* How many? *A.* I think three or four. *Q.* Did you not frequently pass out through the door leading from the cellar to the rear of the building? *A.* I did. *Q.* And some times left it open? *A.* Very seldom. *Q.* But you sometimes forgot to bolt it? *A.* Yes, sometimes. *Q.* Now, as to the scraps of paper you saw strewn around, might it not be waste paper the lady had? *A.* It might.

*Mattilda Steward, deposed:—*I am thirteen years old. *Q.* How do you know your age? *A.* Because it is marked on my sampler. I have lived with my uncle and aunt longer than I can remember. *Q.* Do you know the prisoner? *A.* I do; she stayed at uncle's two days last June. Said she saw aunt at Halifax, and came to teach us drawing, painting and music. The day she left I saw her come up from the cellar. She then dressed and went away. While dressing, said to me in a low tone of voice, "The cook is a drunkard, and you should lock the pantry, and keep the key until your uncle and aunt return!" I went down to the pantry, and there observed many of the corks removed. I thought what she said was true, and I kept the key and did not open the pantry until uncle told me.

*Thomas Doolittle, deposed:—*I am a constable, and have been some time in search for the prisoner. I arrested her at the Tremor Hotel. When I informed her of my business she fell from her seat, and then became convulsive, as if suffering by the effects of hydrophobia, and after the lapse of some time became more easy; then, exclaimed in bitter anguish, "You have followed me—you have hunted me—you have caught me at last—I will die on the scaffold!"—and such like expressions; and then added,—"My race is run—I have accomplished my object, and I will resign myself to my fate!" All of a sudden she became calm, and in a mild and pathetic tone said—"You will use me gentle; you will not handcuff me." She spoke no more.

*Thomas Owen, deposed:—*I reside at Halifax. I have known the deceased, Charles Steward, during the last thirteen years; I have also known the prisoner during the same po-

ried; it was the same circumstance that made me remember each. During the years of 1839 and '40, I resided at Warrington, England, about which time Mr. Dawson, the father of the prisoner, brought an action into court against the deceased, Mr. Steward, for seducing the prisoner, who I positively swear to be the same individual.

The learned counsel for the prosecution stated that his witnesses were heard.

His worship pronounced the Court ready to hear the witnesses in behalf of the prisoner. To which Mr. Uniack replied, that it was his intention to produce evidence to clear his client, but from causes over which he had no control, his principal witness being absent or bribed to stay away, he would not detain the Court. He then continued to address the Court and jury in behalf of the prisoner. In justice to his gifted mind, we must say he made an eloquent appeal, and, as well, a bold attempt to eradicate the evidence; but each link of the great chain was so truly fitted as to bid defiance to his skill; he then concluded as follows:

Gentlemen of the jury,—I see you anticipate me. I see you are aware of the serious disadvantages under which I labor in this painful trial, and I am satisfied you will give my client the benefit of such. And now I will conclude, and leave in your hands the life and liberty, and happiness, of her whose prayers will ever ascend in your behalf; whose thoughts will still follow your memory in grateful acknowledgement for the mercy which, of all the community, you are this day invested with. And remember, in so doing, you will transmit to posterity an example worthy of the age; and to your children, a pleasing reflection of having extended to the unfortunate the bowl of consolation. Gentlemen, I will not apologise for detaining you thus long. Sweet is the recollection of having done good, when the hand of death presses the human heart. From you I beseech that mercy for my client, your unfortunate fellow being; and should your children ever be assailed by misfortune in a distant land, may they find an all-powerful refuge in the example you shall set this day. Earnestly do I pray, that they or you may never know what it is to count the tedious hours pining in captivity, amid the damp and gloom of the lonely dungeon. And before you retire, let me impress on you; that there is another than a human tribunal where each of us will have occasion to look back to the little good we have done; at that awful trial, may your verdict this day assure your hopes and give you strength and consolation to appear in the presence of that all-judging God, where, unlike the unmerciful steward mentioned in Scripture, you will not have to account for casting your fellow being into prison.

before your own debts are paid, but on the contrary, extend mercy as you yourselves expect the same at that awful time.

The learned counsel for the Crown followed in a brief though expressive tone, as follows:

May it please your worship and gentlemen of the jury, the learned counsel for the defence has waded through dreary paths, as desperate circumstances require desperate measures, in order to lead you to believe there might yet remain even a shadow of possibility as to the innocence of the prisoner. Sincerely do I wish that he had or could be successful; but alas, he could not. Nothing is more repugnant to my feelings than to bear down on the unfortunate, but I must do my duty, and so must you. If, after a calm survey of the evidence, you entertain a reasonable doubt, I charge you to give it in favor of the prisoner; and if, on the other hand, you are perfectly satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner, I demand of you a verdict accordingly. Gentlemen, this is called a Crown case; but remember, it is a case where the safety of your homes, your lives, and all you hold sacred, are at issue; as by your verdict, crime will be either branded or patented to go at large. I will not detain the Court by any commentary on the evidence which you have heard, and which you have no doubt already decided on; as to any difficulty relative to the law bearing on the case, his worship will instruct you to do justice to the prisoner, to yourselves, and to society.

The learned judge having summed up the leading points of the evidence, thus concluded:

In this painful case, which your country and society demand of you, it only remains for me to explain to you the illegal taking of life by the law of England, which must fall within one of the three species, namely, homicide, manslaughter, or murder; and that with homicide you have nothing to do, as the case before you was neither chance-medley, self-defence, or any kind of justifiable murder. Manslaughter is the illegal killing under the strong impulse of natural passion; three qualities are necessary to constitute it: in the first place, the passion must be natural; that is to say, such as is natural to human infirmities under the provocation given. Secondly, the act must be such as passion naturally, and according to the ordinary course of human action, would impel. Thirdly and mainly, the act must be committed in the actual moment of the passion; that is, before the mind had reasonable time to cool. The act of killing under such circumstances would be manslaughter. Now, gentlemen, you see plainly that the case before you does not come under either of those species mentioned, therefore, to kill under any other circum-

stance, however aggravating in its nature, if the mind had time to cool, would be murder. To apply the law to the case before you; and which, regardless of your own feelings, you are to determine, was one of cool, deliberate, and premeditated intent to kill. Gentlemen of the jury, you will calmly and without any shade of personal prejudice against the prisoner, or commiseration for her misfortunes, render your verdict according to the evidence before you.

The jury then retired, and after remaining an hour, returned into Court with their verdict of guilty of murder, but recommended her to mercy. The Judge inquired on what was their recommendation founded. The foreman of the jury told it was foolish. Firstly, as she was not seen by human eye; secondly, on account of her sex. The prisoner was then remanded to prison, and the Court adjourned until ten o'clock the following morning. The prisoner being placed in the dock, counsel for the prosecution stated the necessity which impelled him to call for the judgment of the Court; after some discussion, which the Court overruled, the Judge asked the prisoner what she had to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against her. She replied, as follows:

Were I differently situated, I would have much to say, but surrounded as I am by a cruel and unfeeling world, and having received the rigorous process of the law, I will decline, at least for the present, any vindication of the circumstances that placed me here; but should the Court extend to me the mercy consistent with my misfortune, I will furnish a full detail.

His honor then continued to exhort her to repentance, and reminded her of the cruelty and perfidy of her heart, which was deaf to the supplication of the little innocents, whose helplessness alone might have pleaded mercy for their parents, and then concluded.

Eliza Dawson, you are convicted for the murder of Charles Steward and his wife, Mary Steward, who died on the 30th of last June by the effect of poison; maliciously deposited by you. The Court will extend to you such clemency as is consistent, in order that you may make peace with the great Judge before whom you must shortly appear. It now becomes my painful duty to pronounce the extreme penalty of the law, which our ancestors in their wisdom have placed as a shield for our protection. That you, Eliza Dawson, be forthwith removed to the place from whence you came, and there kept in close confinement; and at whatever time and place his Excellency the Governor General of this province may deem proper, that you

be taken to the place of execution and there hanged until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

The public mind being much excited throughout her extraordinary trial, soon began to subside, at least relative to the lamentable calamity of the crime for which she is convicted. Our readers feel so solicitous for the subject of her life, that, having published so much, we were induced to investigate still further. Having received a letter of approbation from Mr. White, the High Sheriff, consequently, on Monday, December the 24th, I waited on the Sheriff, who introduced me to the prison physician, who also was pleased to see me undertake the task, but would much rather I could defer an interview until Wednesday, when he would introduce me in company with the Rev. Mr. Hooper, pastor of the English Church, and Mr. Rider of the Free Church of Scotland, who were invited, and expected that day. I kindly thanked him and took my departure for the city, but returned in season on Wednesday, the 26th, and on the arrival of the Sheriff we went up. The first door being opened, the doctor went first, and soon reached the cell, where all stopped; the cell door was soon unbolted, and as it moved on its heavy hinges, left impressions on my mind not easily removed. The doctor, who entered first, accosted her in a mild and pleasant tone—asked her some question relative to her health, then introduced each visitor one by one. Mr. Hooper seemed much affected, but soon recovered, then commenced an excellent exhortation, urging a change of heart and a sincere repentance, and in beautiful language, pointed to the great hope still visible in the horizon, if she would repent. Not like the repentance of Judas. To which she replied, in a low tone; "I fear my repentance would be like Judas, and equally as fruitless." Mr. Rider then exhorted her to take courage, and earnestly implore the Spirit of God, whose ear is ever open to the supplication of the sinner; and added, that the mercy of heaven is as unlimited as its glory is beyond human conception; and concluded by assuring her that Judas was appointed for that particular purpose, but was invested with the means of redemption, and in like manner she might be an instrument to punish others, but unlike Judas, should take care to grasp at redemption while yet in season. She then seemed much encouraged, and expressed a wish to pray, which she did privately for some time; after which, the Rev. gentleman promised to visit her frequently, and then retired. After which she knelt down, as if in private prayer, during which time I sat in silent astonishment; language fails to describe the scene, as each reflection rushed before my afflicted mind, in

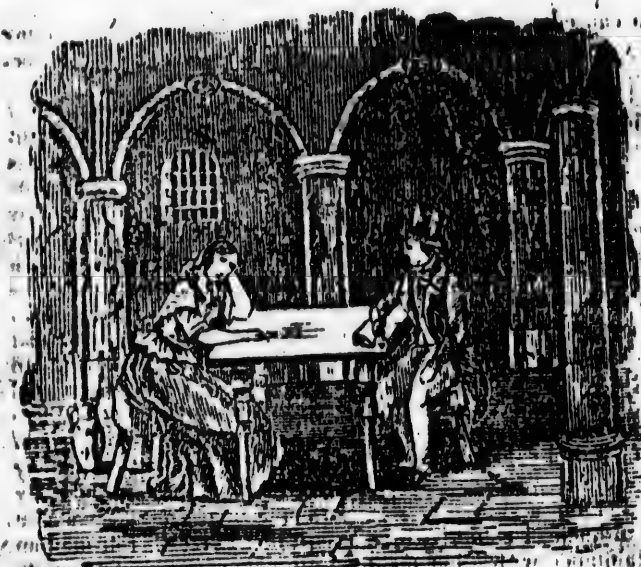
contemplating the past and the present, as I sat in that lonely dungeon, surrounded by dark and gloomy walls, grated windows in front, and heavy iron doors in the rear. And on that rude iron bedstead rested her, the only occupant of that living tomb. Oh, how my heart bled, as if by electric shocks; each thought wailed far over the wide and trackless deep, where once she had a home and friends. How natural did her infant days appear; and then the poor mother, that caressed her once gentle, innocent and guileless lips. In a distant land, how sad and heartrending the contrast, as I beheld the emaciated form before me. While thus afflicted with the pressure of my own feelings, she turned around, and gazed in my face with such intensity, as to awake me from my reverie, and then accosted me for the first time since the clergyman left. "Mr. Finnerty, sir—if I mistake not you conduct a periodical. The good Sheriff mentioned your wish to write my life; I would be pleased if you would agree to write strictly in accordance with the information furnished." To which I replied, that I felt no wish to exaggerate, neither did I feel any interest beyond the gratification of my numerous readers. She then continued, "My object is twofold; first, as a lesson to youth and a vindication of my sex; secondly, by my instrumentality, several persons suffered in person, in property, and character; and a circulation of my life might tend to cause inquiry, and perhaps result in releasing from the chains of bondage those innocent persons who are now transported for deeds which I committed."

After examining the paragraph taken from the English paper, she said, "I remember that article, and felt grateful for even one shadow of sympathy; but they made a mistake relative to my age; instead of ten, as inserted there, I was thirteen when I went to Warrington; then I may commence with the period of my fall and continue down to the present."

CONFESSION.

My name is Margaret Eliza Dawson, born October the 27th, 1820; am now a little over twenty-six years old. I never beheld my poor father after my seduction, for his vengeance and my disgrace equally forbade it. I remained eight months at the lodgings furnished by my aunt, during which time I sent several letters to Steward, before as well as after the trial; he answered only one, and that was the last. Here it is; insert its contents, for it is the weapon of his destruction.

All who may read of his death, also see his conduct in life. From the moment I received and read its contents, I swore



on its profligate words that the base heart and subservient hand that carried it should perish by it. I carefully unfolded the soiled and shattered paper, and glanced over its contents, as follows:

Madam,—I received your last; you say you loved more ardent than prudent; it is my opinion that is nothing very new. You try to affect me by a show of crocodile tears. In vain you try to allure me from the path marked out for me by my ancestry and station. Flatter yourself no longer then, by thinking of me. I cannot and will not degrade myself by a union with you. It is not with nettles I should decorate my wedding arch.

Signed,

C. L. S.

Now, sir, please to give me the original, which I wish to hold in my hand at my departure from this world. I shall keep it as the last token of a villain's cruelty, and the fatal rock which rent my frail and shattered bark, after tossing over life's tempestuous surface. From the moment I receive it, I placed it in the depository of my heart, and there to remain as his death warrant, along with others which will appear by and by."

She read the letter aloud, then became terribly excited, and exclaimed, "Cruel man, remorseless villain; it was you

that caused me a protracted death of ten long years: and my boy will soon pass away to its kindred earth, and I must account for all; but I will not despair."

She then proceeded, "While remaining at my lodgings my mind anxiously labored between hope and revenge. I thought that in order to accomplish my object I must have money, as without it, I could not travel; for England is an inhospitable country. I first thought of teaching; but by that I could only procure a living; I found that would not do. I then determined to try a porter-house, where money might be much more loose, at the same time adopt all such schemes as might tend to suit any emergency, and procure as much money as possible in the shortest time, as I knew I could make myself to anything that would advance my object. In the latter part of May, 1840, I collected my clothes, and took the coach and proceeded to Manchester; staid there some days, but failed to procure a situation there, as I could not furnish a character from those I had served. Little they knew my character was so widely circulated, and so indelibly branded on my own heart. I then thought if that was the only obstacle, I could soon surmount that barrier. I formed an acquaintance with a bar maid, whose name I will not mention, and soon succeeded in obtaining the use of two or three of her best certificates, on assurance that I should procure a situation—so I resolved to change my name, which I did, and adopted hers. I then went on to Macclesfield, a neat town, eighteen miles from Manchester, on the London post road, but could not remain there, as I was too well known. I continued my journey on foot, as my money was nearly gone, and soon reached Leicester, the county town. The day after I arrived, I got a situation, and then returned the documents by mail. I was well liked, and was considered a smart and capable person. The house was well adapted for my purpose, as a vast concourse of draymen, drovers and farmers put up there. In six months I saved £25, which I took from travellers who took a little too much drink. About ten o'clock at night the master and mistress used to retire, after which I treated freely such as I thought had money, and did not need it as much as I did. About the middle of September I extracted £150 in gold from the pocket of an Irish drover, who put up at the house and became drunk. He came in at a late hour, and was rather noisy; called for drink, which I furnished, which only seemed to sharpen his appetite; soon after he called for more. I then put a sufficient quantity of laudanum into a pint of porter, and he became still enough. I then turned the gas, and found his wallet in the inside pocket of his waistcoat;

after securing the money, I came into the tap room, and inquired who turned off the gas; the waiters said they were unaware of it, and I then went to the man and told him to get up and go to bed; but no answer. He was carried to a garret room, and left for the night. The following morning the alarm was terrible, and all were of opinion that the money was taken at this time the gas was turned off, and I confirmed the opinion—tricks of that kind being of frequent occurrence. There the matter passed along, and was soon replaced by some other occurrence of the kind, in the neighbourhood. I then had nearly £200, but still took great care to act punctual with the proceeds of the bar, least suspicion in that quarter might lead to detection of the whole. Market days, and fair nights I generally did well. Sometimes I had halfpence, shillings; and one in particular, which I will mention. On a fair day, in November of the same year, an old farmer, on his way home from Manchester, handed his pockets, took to me for safe keeping; and true enough I kept some of it safe. The next morning he demanded his wallet. I told him he did not give his wallet to me; he insisted he did, and the excitement got very high. He swore and raged, and I cried and sobbed; he then placed his hand in his pocket in order to show where he kept it, and there he found the wallet which I placed there during the night, and from which I took £100. He then said he lost £100; but no one would believe him, as the wallet contained £51 6s 3d. All said that if any person would take £100 they would take the balance; and I got clear of every suspicion resting on me. I had then a little over £130. I continued attentive to business—appeared in need of money, and felt desirous for my wages, as soon as they were earned; as they were very small I spent one year in that establishment, and then agreed to remain another, but only staid three months, when I left for London, thinking I might have a better field to accomplish my object, as I wanted a little more.

I still kept my attention directed towards the Military Gazette, where I saw the regiment was in Liverpool, which was a little too high home. Yet when I arrived at the great metropolis, I passed some days, travelling through its stately courts, its splendid and fashionable streets, as well as its whole neighbourhoods of squalid wretchedness. I then looked around, and after the lapse of a month I obtained a situation in a fine looking place in Commercial Road, but did not remain long. Then, as it did not suit me, for business was conducted too carelessly, I went to another, better adapted for my business, in Shadwell Highway. I was not long there, when I took

£50 from a captain of one of the river boats. I then had a little more than £150. I then thought if I had another haul I should be in good shilling trim. The summer of 1812 being passed, I began to think matters were not progressing fast enough. About the latter part of October, one cold and blowing night, four captains stopped in at half-past ten, and said they were cold and thirsty. They called for four pots of mulled porter, which was served up; after which two of them went home, who I thought were married, and the other two remained, as if determined to have a spree with the girls. I was satisfied in my mind they had money. I then spouted them; and told the waiters, that as it was then so late in the night she might retire, as she was up the night before. I then talked as free as suited, which prompted them no doubt to think I was rather an accommodating bar maid. Drink passed around as freely as talk. I was several times treated to brandy, as they thought, but it was only water colored by brown sugar. By and by I treated, but took good care to drop a sufficient supply of laudanum, which soon after made them quiet. I soon after extracted from the one £140, and from the other £51. I then called the watch, who immediately moved them. The following day they came in and told a pitiful story, relative to the loss of their money. I expressed much regret, and afterwards felt bitter remorse; but when I thought of the emergency before me, I hesitated against reluctance. I had then enough of money, but did not like to leave just then, lest I might be suspected. I remained three months after; when one night a gentleman handed me a bill to take the reckoning out of, which he thought was a one pound note; but on examination, I found it was a ten. I of course kept it just at that time, which I believe to be in March, 1813.

I saw the removal of Steward's regiment to Dublin, Ireland, from which I felt satisfied, they would be likely to go to India. I then resolved to leave, and prepare for my mission; but a day or two before I left, I went out to purchase a dress, and brought a two pound note, which I took from the drawer, being the first I had got that way. I purchased the dress, and handed the note to pay the bill; the clerk pronounced it a base counterfeit. I was immediately arrested and taken before a magistrate, and in default of bail I was committed to Newgate prison to await my trial; my person was searched, but no money found of any kind. There I remained for four long weeks; in the interim I found an opportunity to send a note to the gentleman who had my trunk in charge which contained my money. I stated in the note I went down the

river, and should return in a short time. He took good care of it. My trial came on, and a hard trial I got. My face was my counsel, and I was asked where I resided. I dare not tell. I said I came from the country. I was then asked for a character. I could not produce one. I was then asked did I know any one of respectability that would speak for me. I said I did if I were at home. I then sat down and cried bitterly. After a severe rebuke from the judge I was discharged. What a pity I was not transported then, as by it many a life would have been saved; for I often since looked on that as a warning to desist; but I could not, for I thirsted for the blood of my destroyer; and the more I was tossed around, the more determined I became.

On the 4th of June, 1843, I purchased a ticket at the rail road office, for Liverpool, and started the following day. Arrived in the afternoon, and took lodgings at a private house, opposite the Clarence dock. I was then on a pivot, whether to proceed to Ireland direct, or attempt the life of Counsellor Biglow, who conducted the case of Steward. I at once resolved the monster must perish—he that hired and bribed the wretches who swore I was a prostitute, previous to my acquaintance with Steward, and when he must have known that I never spoke to one of them in my life. I then reconnoitred the location of his residence, which was three and a half miles from the city, where stood a neat cottage, which I viewed as the proceeds of his cunning deception. I resolved he should not long enjoy it. By a glance at the city directory, I found where he kept his office in the city. I walked out several days, and saw the road, and the time he usually left the city. I then proceeded to a pawn office, and bought an old large cloak, with which I could disguise my person, and a bonnet to suit it. I then examined my pistols, which I had for some time practised with. I loaded each with slugs, and oiled the springs of the daggers underneath, should the caps deceive me. I then strolled along the road, but did not see him that day. I then thought it would be better to have a letter to give him; I wrote one in a very cramped hand. The second day I went out I saw him; I had no chance, as he was in company with a gentleman. The third day, I proceeded within one mile of his house, and resolved to remain at an angle of the road shut in by a deep ravine, where I remained some time, waiting for my prey. About eight o'clock in the morning he came along in his buggy. I stepped up to him and inquired the road to the residence of Counsellor Biglow; he replied he was the person, and added, what did I want. I said I had a letter for him, which I handed; he then turned

round on his seat and commenced to read it; in the moment, I drew out my pistols as I stood close towards him and fired; he fell back on the road; the other affrighted horse ran away, and I turned the corner and took the other road, then I pulled up my cloak and bonnet and threw them over a stone wall; and then appeared richly dressed, with a parasol in one hand and a fan in the other; my pistols I threw into a pool of water as I passed along leisurely to the city, by another road.

The following day, June 27th, was full of alarm; but no intimation as to the perpetrator, for I think he died immediately after. In a few days after I took the mail steamer for Dublin, and arrived at Kingstown, a neat village, seven miles from the city, where I remained for a month; and on the 2d of August I procured lodgings in a house in Thomas street, but did not remain long there. On the 16th of September I took the cars to Drogheda, and from there continued down to Monaghan, and put up at the best inn, and was desirous of learning the customs of the country, which are so different from those of England. I soon found money would be a choice weapon for my purpose. I did not sojourn long there. When I returned to Dublin in November, I found the main body of the regiment were at that time stationed in Portabella barracks; I then looked around. I concluded I must lodge at some place resorted to by the mob, as I wanted to pick them off, as I knew they would be the easiest prey—soldiers generally walk and drink in company with each other. Consequently I located myself as a lodger in a large porter's house in Barrack street, where I understood they frequented. I kept quite still for some time, seldom speaking to any one in the house; but at night I became acquainted with a sergeant of the company to which Stewart belonged, and from time to time obtained every information I required. I learned one of the privates had died at Liverpool, and I then had only two of the men to despatch, one an Irishman, whose name was Thomas Murphy, and a Scotchman, whose name was Andrew McLeod, who generally went together. About the middle of February, I began to think I should be through with that part. I wished to find them together, which was not so difficult as to find an opportunity.

Time rolled on, and on St. Patrick's day, March 17th, 1844, at nine o'clock at night, my victims walked in, pretty well drunk. I moved around and prepared my blood boiled with rage; I determined they should never return to the barracks. First I resolved to poison them; I thought I would make whiskey drink something. I joined the discourse, and introduced the subject of repeal in the army, to which the

Scotchman swore he would never join and the Irishman said he would. I knew the steam was up, and only required attention; the rage and tumult became higher and higher, and in a little time over a dozen were in the quarrel pots which I exhorted the mistress to turn off the gas in the shop and bolt the front door; or the police would come in and take them all to the police station, and complain against the house for disorderly conduct, which she immediately did, and then the row was at its height. I darkened the kitchen lights, and by that time the fighting party were in the back yard. I could discern the red coats through the dark loom, but stood back as I heard the words, "You villains! would you draw your side arms!" At that moment I heard the crash of the bayonet as it fell on the roof of the adjoining low house, and then could see a civilian and one of the soldiers twisting for possession of the other. Just then I sprang forward and drove my dagger into the breast of the one that leaped against the pump; then turned towards the other, his back being towards me; I attempted his heart, but my arm struck the post and I missed my aim; but succeeded in the second attempt. I then flung down the weapon and stepped back, holding my hands to my face as if crying. Just then I heard a terrible crash, and in a moment after a number of police, having forced both entry and hall door, sprang forward and seized those standing near. At that time I dropped every thing and stepped forward and besought the police to arrest the parties. Six in number were dragged off, and two of the police were left to take care of the one dead and the other expiring. The following day I appeared at court, and gave such testimony as admitted Mr. Williams and his cousin to bail; the other four were kept in prison to await their trial. My non-appearance caused those on bail to leave the country, and the other four were transported, I think for life, the case having been made man slaughter. I could not appear as I feared the eyes of detection.

Soon after I moved my lodgings, and learned that Steward and his company were drawn off to Wicklow at a time; but one other still remained; that was Barrett. I then located myself at a suitable place, where repeal members frequented. I represented myself as the wife of the exiled Robert Jones, the Chartist leader of Manchester. I found much sympathy, and was invited to attend meetings at Conciliation Hall. I first indicated, and then pressed the fact of having observed a certain officer disguised in colored clothing taking notes, which I said was the testimony that convicted my husband; I then assured them I knew him, and could point him out,

which was acceptable, as they swore he would soon report himself elsewhere. In company with others, I went to the Park and marked out Barrett; on parade the following night, he was shot, when crossing Caroline Bridge in company with a lady. Several conjectures were affixed as to the cause of the act, but none struck the right chord; day after day placards were posted up with the Mayor's signature, offering a large reward, which was soon either effaced, or pulled down; several persons were apprehended on suspicion, but were speedily released, the real perpetrators escaping in safety. I rested him who prompted Steward, and brought the letters to me that made my heart bleed. It was he who paid the hireling wretches the price of their perjury when they swore I was a prostitute previous to my acquaintance with Steward. Oh, dreadful revenge, if I must suffer hereafter as I caused others! The time of my birth was that of woe, but I must not; I dare not, look to the future. I left the city for some time, and returned again on receipt of the news of Steward's regiment having received orders for India. I resolved to assassinate him on the quay. I stood in readiness, a column after column passed on, but to my surprise he did not appear. I soon found he did not go with the regiment. I then applied to military records, but no trace of his transfer was there to be found. I then applied to the War Office, and found he had sold out. First I heard he went to Belfast, but soon discovered my mistake; again I heard he went to Drigheda, but was again frustrated; after which I determined to proceed to the neighborhood of the family residence, where I might find a clue to his whereabouts. On arriving at Monaghan I was informed of the death of his father and the transfer of the estate, but that an aged uncle, without issue, whose name was Wilson, resided at Glasslaugh; that after the death of the uncle he, Steward, would be the heir. I resolved to produce that effect, if it would only bring Steward home. I then applied for and obtained a situation as waitress at a hotel where Wilson put up when in town. I do not remember how long after, but the Monday before Christmas of the same year, 1846, he came in company with his niece, came in. I showed them up stairs to a private room, and brought the beer, in which I placed that which made them sleep, from which they never awoke. I entered during the night, and strewed around several tokens of violence, and made several apparent gashes in touch, and then extracted from him all the money he had, which was considerable, and then returned to my room, which was in the garret, and did not come down until I was alarmed by the noise of the discovery. During that day the excited

ment was terrible—police, coroner and magistrates, all agreed that the act was committed by party malice. I felt safe. I staid on for four months after; still Steward did not come, which aggravated my rage, mixed with a kind of despair, as I found my perilous efforts ineffectual. Never, oh never until then, did I feel the bitter pangs of remorse pierce my very soul, as I beheld in frightful vision the streams of innocent blood shed by my unhallowed hand! Often did I hold in that hand the poison of death, and fling it away again! Thus was I afflicted day and night; when I tried to sleep, I would jump up as if endeavoring to escape the grasp of some furious beast in hideous form; at other times, I would imagine I was surrounded by a terrible conflagration, in which the very elements above were in a solid blaze. My affliction was beyond the power of description; I feared insanity, should I remain longer there.

I collected my money and effects and resolved to go to the backwoods of America, and there remain during the balance of my life. I started to Belfast, and from there to Glasgow, by steamer, where I found a vessel bound for St. John's, New-Foundland. In a few days after we put to sea and my eyes faintly rested on the lofty headlands of the Wicklow Mountains, as I bade adieu to the field of carnage; and after a passage of twenty-nine days, we reached the port of destination, July 1st, 1847. My mind having been much relieved by the voyage, I was induced to hope for peace in future; but alas! I forfeited that inestimable happiness long since. I found the people there quite happy, cheerful and affectionate amid the naked barren rocks that meet the eye in every direction. From day to day I took a walk up to the observatory, where my wearied eyes and afflicted mind could rest on the trackless ocean. Every sail in the distance, every massive iceberg which showed its snowy summit, as well as the murmuring waters below, each told its tale of woe to that heart already afflicted and burning with remorse. I would then turn my eyes and gaze on the dreary rocks behind, when I caught the sight of a red coat moving to and from the barrack. I often thought if I could get away from the sight of those lubber-backed creatures my mind might rest, for which purpose I went to a neat village, called Harbor Grace, a distance of twenty miles, but was afflicted there. I heard there was none at Curbinder; I went there, only a distance of three miles, where I remained sixteen months; but the pressure of solitude weighed on my heart, and I feared consumption. I therefore took passage in a fishing vessel, bound for Boston; but she was disabled and put into Halifax on Christmas day, 1848.

My money was nearly gone and my health impaired. As spring approached, I improved. I seldom thought of Stewart; but about the first of May I unfortunately heard such a person was at Windsor, at a distance of forty-five miles. I resolved to accomplish my mission, which I did, as stated in court.

Having carried the account of my melancholy career thus far, as accurate as memory serves me, during which I have endeavored to show cause and effect. But alas! I find the balance is against me; I am satisfied that I deserve no mercy from an earthly court, and whether I may from the eternal one is a question of doubt. I do not wish to live, and still I dread to die. How terrible is my position! when I look to the world I deserve nothing there; when I predominate to think of the insulted majesty of heaven, I fault to hope for mercy from that good God who created and endowed me with all the attributes of knowledge, which I abused. Still, while I remain, I will continue to hope in the plenitude of that all-powerful and merciful Redeemer, who forgave those who persecuted him on Calvary.

Now, sir, will you please to read the manuscript, in order that I may correct some slight errors and mention one or two circumstances omitted. I readily acquiesced. She remarked, that as she then felt, it would be severe on her feelings, but would endeavor to sustain all possible courage to withstand it. I read it with as much rapidity as possible, in order to save her feelings and mine too, during which she sat motionless; but at intervals I could easily discover the burning anguish of her heart, perfectly visible in the flushes which rapidly passed from cheek to cheek, as well as in her forlorn eyes and associated form, particularly at the mention of that name once so dear to her; and afterwards utterly dejected to every fibre of her heart. When I laid down the paper she smiled and said, "It is faithfully written; you have done more than your duty; while you were reading, I thought of the minutes of the names of the four men considered for the death of the two soldiers at Dublin. I fear I have lost it; but should you, or any other, deem their names important, the Sheriff's books will supply that. Poor creatures! their fate was a hell to my mind. As for Biglow, I never heard that any had suffered for his death, neither did I hear of any one convicted for the death of Barrett; but strong doubts still linger in my mind relative to the death of Mr. Wilson, as there were two men in prison awaiting trial when I left the country; but were it possible, I would be anxious to know. I assured her that I would write immediately, and communicate the efficient intelligence as early as possible for which she kindly thanked me, and

then continued,—"Throughout my whole career, I detested all men. I never married, neither did I ever shed the hand of any man since my separation from Steward. Neither did I meditate the death of Mrs. Steward; and I think rather than she should have perished, I would have spared both; for my malice was much subdued after the death of the two last victims. And lastly, I unhesitatingly declare that it was not arsenic I placed in the wine, but it was equally powerful, and when once received, beyond the power of man to remove, until it carried its victim in its grasp; neither will I tell what it was—but may its fatal effects be never again felt.

Before concluding, I would wish to remark, that I have omitted the names of several individuals where I lodged, because it would be unjust to associate the names of innocent persons in connection with my unpardonable career. And I now humbly request that you will print, or cause to be printed, my confession, as it is now written, that it may traverse every portion of the civilized world; that its contents may serve as a warning to youth and a safeguard to generations yet unborn; that, when my poor mortal body will be mouldered with its kindred earth, and the spirit within me summoned to its everlasting home in eternal torment, if not rescued by the mercy of the omnipotent creator of all things, my name and the perusal of my career may be a timely lesson to such as might thoughtlessly stray from the path of rectitude and safety into the misty and uncertain road to destruction; such is my wish, and such only could afford me fortitude to bear the painful burthen of life thus long. I am now alone, and no longer wish to live in this world; and at whatever time it may please the ministers of the law to terminate my career, I will acquiesce in my fate.

ELIZA DAWSON.

Signed,

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Gentle reader, be assured we feel too sensibly the already afflicting sensations naturally experienced in a perusal of the foregoing, and will therefore omit a description of the truly heartrending scene as presented to our mind, neither will we attempt to delineate our feelings on the occasion, which would be as impossible to accomplish as for you to imagine. Suffice to assure you, that never while memory remains, can either time or circumstances remove the indelible impression stamped, as we sat in that lonely cell, its misery only equalled by her whose sad story we heard, in order to convey its unprecedented contents throughout the world, wherever vice

might linger or unconscious youth still balance on a pivot between rectitude and irrevocable ruin. The foregoing needs no commentary of ours; the calm and dispassionate reader can compare cause with effect, and draw the conclusion, as its melancholy pages are obvious to all who have a heart to feel and sensibility to affect, and we will therefore conclude, and sincerely hope the careful perusal of its unparalleled atrocity may have the desired effect, and that no other pen may ever again be doomed to record a similar circumstance.

P. S.—The precise time of her execution has not been determined on, or at least communicated to the Sheriff; but on the contrary, report says she will not suffer the extreme penalty of the law, but on the contrary, his excellency, Sir John Harvey has, it is rumored, expressed deep regret that the responsibility of her execution was thrown on him, and with the same breath, declared his willingness to sign a petition to her majesty for a pardon. Whether his honor, Judge Johnson, will acquiesce to that movement first, which is essential, we have yet to learn; but we hope he will, as humanity requires it, as well as a vindication of the enlightened age we happily enjoy, as it is a well known and indisputable fact, that the effusion of blood, or strangulation of a fellow being on the gallows, does not tend to arrest the progress of crime, but on the contrary, steels the heart against pity.

Just while preparing to go to press, we received this melancholy intelligence from Mr. White, High Sheriff:

Dear Sir,—By yesterday's mail, I am in possession of definite instruction relative to the fate of the unfortunate Eliza Dawson, which I had the mortification to communicate to her this morning—to prepare to receive the sentence of the law on Monday, the 4th day of February. This intelligence will no doubt surprise you, but when you are informed that Judge Johnson would not sign the petition, you can guess the balance.

Yours,

C. H. White,

Windsor, Jan. 6th, 1850.